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SHAKSPERE. THE TRAGEDIE OF TITUS ANDRONICUS. LOND. 1611.
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THE
MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE
of Titus Andronicus.

AS IT HATH SVNDRY times beene plaide by the Kings Maiesties Seruants.

LONDON,
Printed for Eedward White, and are to be solde at his shoppe, nere the little North dore of Pauls, at the signe of the Gun. 1611.

¶ The moſt lamentable Romaine Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*: As it was plaid by the right honorable the Earle of Darbie, Earle of Pembrooke, and Earle of Suſſex their Seruants.

Enter the Tribunes *and* Senatours *aloft*: *And then enter* Saturninus *and his followers at one doore, and* Baſſianus *and his followers, with Drum and Trumpets.*

Saturninus.

NOble Patricians, Patrons of my righe,
Defend the iuſtice of my cauſe with armes.
And Countrymen my louing followers,
Plead my ſucceſſiue title with your ſwords:
I am his firſt borne ſonne, that was the laſt
That ware the Imperiall Diadem of Rome.
Then let my fathers honours liue in mee,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignitie.

Baſſianus.

Romaines, friends, followers, fauourers of my right,
If euer *Baſſianus Cæſars* ſonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of royall Rome,
Keepe then this paſſage to the Capitoll,
And ſuffer not diſhonour to approch,
The imperiall ſeat to vertue, conſecrate
To iuſtice, continence, and Nobilitie:
But let deſert in pure election ſhine,
And Romaines fight for freedome in your choice.

Marcus Andronicus with the Crowne.

Princes that striue by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for Rule and Emperie,
Know that the people of Rome for whome we stand
A speciall Partie, haue by common voyce,
In election for the Romaine Emperie
Chosen *Andronicus*, surnamed *Pius*,
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a brauer warriour,
Liues not this day within the Citty walls.
He by the Senate is accited home,
From weary warres against the barbarous Gothes,
That with his sonnes (a terror to our foes)
Hath yoakt a nation strong, traind vp in Armes.
Tenne yeares are spent since first he vndertooke
This cause of Rome, and chastised with Armes
Our enemies pride: Fiue times he hath returnd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sonnes
In Coffins from the field,
And now at last, laden with honours spoiles
Returnes the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus* flourishing in Armes,
Let vs intreat by honour of his name,
Whome worthily you would haue now succeede,
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
Whome you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength,
Dismisse your followers, and as suters should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humblenes.

Saturninus.

How fairе the Tribune speakes to calme my thoughts.

Bassianus.

Marcus Andronicus, so I doe affie,

In thy vprightnes and integrity,
And so I loue and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother *Titus* and his sonnes,
And her to whome my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious *Lauinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will heere dismisse my louing friends:
And to my fortunes and the peoples fauour,
Commit my cause in ballance to be waid. *Exit Souldiers.*

Saturninus.

Friends, that haue beene thus forward in my right,
I thanke you all, and heere dismisse you all,
And to the loue and fauour of my Country,
Commit my selfe, my person, and the cause.
Rome be as iust and gracious vnto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the gates and let me in.

Bassianus. Tribunes and me a poore Competitor.

They goe vp into the Senate house.

Enter a Captaine.

Romaines make way, the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of vertue, Romes best Champion:
Successfull in the battailes that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is returnd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoake the enemies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and then enter two of Titus *sonnes, and then two men bearing a Coffin couered with blacke, then two other sonnes, then* Titus Andronicus, *and then* Tamora *the Queene of Gothes and her two sonnes,* Chiron *and* Demetrius, *with* Aron *the More, and others, as many as can be, then set downe the Coffin, and* Titus *speakes.*

Titus. Haile Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds,
Loe as the barke that hath discharged his fraught,
Returnes with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she wayed her anchorage:
Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resalute his country with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend.
Romaines, of fiue and twenty valiant sonnes,
Halfe of the number that king *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remaines aliue and dead!
These that suruiue, let Rome reward with loue:
These that I bring vnto their latest home,
With buriall amongst their aunce stors.
Heere Gothes haue giuen me leaue to sheath my sword,
Titus vnkinde, and careles of thine owne,
Why suffer'st thou thy sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull shore of Stix?
Make way to lay them by their bretheren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
O sacred receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,
How many sonnes of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more?
Lucius. Giue vs the proudest prisoner of the Gothes,
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthy prison of their bones,
That so the shadowes be not vnappeasd,
Nor we disturbd with prodigies on earth.

Titus

Titus. I giue him you, the noblest that suruiues,
The eldest sonne of his distressed Queene.
Tamo. Stay Romaine brethren, gracious conquerer,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I shed,
A mothers teares in passion for her sonne:
And if thy sonnes were euer deere to thee,
Oh thinke my sonne to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy triumphs, and returne
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
But must my sonnes be slaughtered in the streetes,
For valiant doings in their Countries cause?
O if to fight for king and common weale,
Were piety in thine, it is in these:
Andronicus staine not thy tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull.
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice noble *Titus* spare my first borne sonne.
Titus. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whome you Gothes beheld
Aliue and dead, and for their bretheren slaine,
Religiously they aske a sacrifice:
To this your sonne is mark't and die he must,
T'appease their groning shadowes that are gone.
Lucius. Away with him and make a fire straight,
And with our swords vpon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane consumde.

Exit Titus sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamora. O cruell irreligious piety.
Chiron. Was euer Scythia halfe so barbarous?
Demet. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome,
Alarbus goes to rest, and we suruiue,
To tremble vnder *Titus* threatning looke.

Then

Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,
The selfe same Gods that armde the Queene of Troy
With oportunitie of sharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Lucius, See Lord and father how we haue performd
Our Romaine rightes, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the sacrifising fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our bretheren,
And with lowd larums welcome them to Rome.

Titus. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his latest farewell to theyr soules.

Sound trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe.

In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes,
Romes readiest Champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
Here lurks no treason, here no enuie swels,
Here grow no damned grudges, here are no stormes,
No noyse, but silence and eternall sleepe,
In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes.

Enter Lauinia.

Laui. In peace and honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
My noble Lord and Father liue in fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my bretherens obsequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to *Rome*.
O blesse me heere with thy victorious hand,
whose fortunes *Rome's* best Cittizens applauld.

Titus. Kind *Rome*, that hast thus louingly reserude

The cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lauinia liue, outliue thy fathers dayes,
And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.

Marcus. Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

Titus. Thankes gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*

Marcus. And welcome Nephews from successfull wars,
You that suruiue, and you that sleepe in fame:
Faire Lords your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your Countries seruice drew your swords.
But safer triumph is this funerall pompe,
That hath aspirde to *Solons* happines,
And triumphs ouer chaunce in honors bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in iustice thou hast euer bene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,
This Palliament of white and spotlesse hue,
And name thee in election for the Empire,
With these our late deceased Emperours sonnes:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And helpe to set a head on headles Rome.

Titus. A better head her glorious body fits,
Then his, that shakes for age and feeblenes:
What should I d'on this robe and trouble you,
Be chosen with proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,
And set abroad new businesse for you all.
Rome I haue bene thy Souldier forty yeares,
And led my Countries strength successfully,
And buried one and twenty valiant sonnes,
Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,
In right and seruice of their noble Countrie:
Giue me a staffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a scepter to controule the world,

Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.
Marcus. *Titus*, thou shalt obtaine and aske the Emperie.
Satur. Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell?
Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus*.
Satur. Romaines doe me right.
Patricians draw your swords and sheath them not
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:
Andronicus would thou wert shipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.
Lucius. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.
Titus. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselues.
Bassian. *Andronicus*, I doe not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friend,
I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men
Of noble mindes, is honorable meede.
Titus. People of Rome, and peoples Tribunes here,
I aske your voyces and your suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?
Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his safe returne to *Rome*,
The people will accept whome he admits.
Titus. Tribunes I thanke you, and this sute I make,
That you create your Emperours eldest sonne,
Lord *Saturnine*, whose vertues will I hope,
Reflect on *Rome* as Tytans rayes on earth,
And ripen iustice in this common weale:
Then if you will elect by my aduise,
Crowne him, and say, long liue our Emperour.
Marcus. An. With voyces and applause of euery sort,
Patricians and Plebeans we create
Lord *Saturninus Romes* great Emperour.

And

And say, *Long liue our Emperour* Saturnine.
Saturni. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy fauours done,
To vs in our election this day,
I giue thee thankes in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentlenes:
And for an onset Titus to aduance
Thy name, and honorable familie,
Lauinia will I make my Empresse,
Romes royall Mistris, Mistris of my hart,
And in the sacred *Pathan* her espouse:
Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee?
Titus. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me highly honoured of your Grace.
And heere in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and Commander of our common weale,
The wide worlds Emperour, doe I consecrate,
My sword, my Chariot, and my prisoners,
Presents well worthy *Romes* imperiall Lord:
Receiue them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honours Ensignes humbled at thy feete.
Satur. Thankes noble Titus, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The least of these vnspeakable deserts,
Romans forget your fealtie to me.
Titus. Now Madam are you prisoner to an Emperour,
To him that for your honour and your state,
Will vse you nobly and your followers.
Satur. A goodly Lady, trust me of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose a new:
Cleere vp faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of warre hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou comst not to be made a scorne in Rome:
Princely shall be thy vsage euery way.

Rest

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madame he comforts you,
Can make you greater then the Queene of *Gothes*,
Lauinia you are not displeasd with this.
Lauinia. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
Warrants these words in princely curtesie.
Satur. Thankes sweete *Lauinia*, Romans let vs goe,
Raunsomles heere we set our prisoners free,
Proclaime our honours Lords with trumpe and Drum.
Bassianus. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this maid is mine.
Titus. How sir, are you in earnest then my Lord?
Bassia. I noble *Titus*, and resolu'd withall,
To doe my selfe this reason and this right.
Marcus. *Suum cuiquam* is our Romane iustice,
This Prince in iustice ceazeth but his owne.
Lucius. And that he will and shall, if *Lucius* liue.
Titus. Traytors auaunt, where is the Emperours gard?
Treason my Lord, *Lauinia* is surprisde,
Satur. Surprisde, by whome?
Bassia. By him that iustly may
Beare his betrothd, from all the world away.
Mutius. Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my sword Ile keepe this doore safe.
Titus. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her back.
Mutius. My Lord you passe not heere.
Titus. What villaine boy, barst me my way in Rome?
Mutius Helpe *Lucius* helpe. *He kills him.*
Lucius. My Lord you are vniust, and more then so,
In wrongfull quarrell you haue slaine your sonne.
Titus. Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me.
Traytor restore *Lauinia* to the Emperour.
Lucius. Dead if you will but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promist loue.

Enter

Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two sonnes, and Aron the Moore.

Emperour, No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:
Ile trust by leisure him that mocks me once,
Thee neuer, nor thy trayterous haughty sonnes,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*
Agree these deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That saidst I begd the Empire at thy hands.
Titus. O monstrous, what reprochfull words are these?
Satur. But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,
To him that flourisht for her with his sword:
A valiant sonne in law thou shalt enioy,
One, fit to bandy with thy lawlesse sonnes,
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.
Titus. These words are razors to my wounded hart.
Satur And therefore louely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
That like the stately *Thebe* mongst her Nimphs,
Dost ouershine the gallant'st Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleasd with this my sodaine choyse,
Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will create thee Empresse of Rome.
Speake Queene of Gothes dost thou applaud my choyse?
And heere I sweare by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Priest and holy water are so neere,
And tapers burne so bright, and euery thing
In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,
I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
Or clime my Pallace, til from forth this place,
I lead espousde my Bride along with me.
Tamora. And heere in sight of heauen to Rome I sweare,
If *Saturnine* aduance the Queene of Gothes,

She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.
Sat. Ascend faire Queene, Panthean Lords, accompany
Your noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
Sent by the heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdome hath her Fortune conquered,
There shall we consummate our spousall rites.
Exeunt omnes.
Titus. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride,
Titus when wert thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and challenged of wrongs?
Enter Marcus and Titus sonnes.
Marcus. O *Titus* see! O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrell slaine a vertuous sonne.
Titus. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deede,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy sonnes.
Lucius. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes:
Giue *Mutius* buriall with our bretheren.
Titus. Traytors away, he rests not in this tombe:
This monument fiue hundreth yeares hath stood,
Which I haue sumptuously reedified:
Heere none but Souldiers and Romes Seruitors,
Repose in fame: None basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can he comes not heere.
Marcus. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his bretheren.
Titus two sonnes speakes.
And shall, or him we will accompany.
Titus. And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?
Titus sonne speakes:
He that would vouch it in any place but heere.

Titus.

Titus What would you bury him in my despight?
Marcus. No noble *Titus* but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.
Titus. Marcus, Euen thou hast stroke vpon my crest,
And with these boyes mine honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you euery one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
3. *Sonne.* He is not with himselfe, let vs withdraw.
2. *Sonne.* Not I till *Mutius* bones be buried.
The brother and the sonnes kneele.
Marcus. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead
2. *Sonne.* Father, and in that name doth nature speake.
Titus. Speake thou no more if all the rest will speede.
Mar. Renowned *Titus* more then halfe my soule.
Lutius. Deare Father, soule and substance of vs all.
Marc. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre
His noble nephew heere in vertues nest,
That died in honour and *Lauinias* cause.
Thou art a Romaine be not barbarous:
The Greekes vpon aduise did bury *Aiax*
That slew himselfe: and wise *Laertes* sonne,
Did graciously plead for his Funerals:
Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy ioy,
Be barred his entrance heere.
Titus. Rise *Marcus*, rise,
The dismalst day is this that ere I saw,
To be dishonored by my sonnes in Rome:
Well bury him, and bury me the next.
They put him in the Tombe.
Lucius, There lie thy bones sweet *Mutius* with thy friends
Till we with Trophees do adorne thy tombe.
They all kneele and say,
No man shed teares for noble *Mutius*,
He liues in fame that dide in vertues cause.

Exit

Exit all but Marcus and Titus.

Marcus. My Lord to step out of these dirie dumps,
How comes it that the subtile Queene of *Gothes*,
Is of a sodaine thus aduanced in Rome?

Titus. I know not *Marcus:* but I know it is,
(Whether by deuise or no) the heauens can tell,
Is she not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne so farre?

Enter the Emperor, Tamora and her two sonnes, with the Moore at one doore. Enter at the other doore Bassianus and Lauinia with others.

Saturn. So *Bassianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy sir of your gallant Bride.

Bassi. And you of yours my Lord. I say no more,
Nor wish no lesse, and so I take my leaue.

Satur. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this Rape.

Bassia. Rape call you it my Lord, to cease my owne,
My true betrothed loue, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am possest of that is mine.

Satur. Tis good sir, you are very short with vs,
But if we liue weele be as sharpe with you.

Bassian. My Lord, what I haue done as best I may,
Answere I must, and shall do with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble Gentleman, Lord *Titus* heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the rescue of *Lauinia*,
With his owne hand did slay his youngest sonne,
In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.

To be contrould in that he frankely gaue,
Receaue him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
That hath expreste himselfe in all his deedes
A Father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Titus. Prince *Bassianus* leaue to plead my deeds,
Tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How I haue lou'd and honoured *Saturnine*.

Tamora. My worthy Lord if euer *Tamora*,
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me speake indifferently for all:
And at my sute (sweete) pardon what is past.

Satur. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it vp without reuenge?

Tamora. Not so my Lord, the Gods of Rome forfend
I should be Author to dishonour you.
But on mine honour dare I vndertake,
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all:
Whose fury not dissembled speakes his griefes:
Then at my sute looke graciously on him,
Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,
Nor with sowre lookes afflict his gentle heart.
My Lord, be ruld by me, be wonne at last,
Dissemble all your griefes and discontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Leaste then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iust suruay take *Titus* part,
And so supplant vs for ingratude,
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sinne.
Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone
Ile finde a day to massacre them all,
And race their faction and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his traytrous sonnes,
To whome I sued for my deere sonnes life.

And make them know what tis to let a Queene
Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.
King. Rise *Titus*, rise, my Empresse hath prevaild.
Titus. I thanke your maiestie, and her my Lord.
These words, these lookes, infuse new life in me.
Tamora. *Titus* I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*,
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you Prince *Bassianus*, I have past
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords: and you *Lavinia*,
By my advise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.
All. We doe, and vow to heaven, and to his highnes,
That what we did, was mildly as we might,
Tendring our sisters honour and our owne.
Marc. That on mine honour heere I do protest.
King. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.
Tamora. Nay, nay, sweet Emperour, we must all be friends:
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.
King. *Marcus*, for thy sake and thy brothers heere,
And at my lovely *Tamoras* intreats,
I doe remit these young mens haynous faults,
Stand vp: *Lavinia*, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a Batchiler from the priest.

Come,

Come, if the Emperours court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest *Lavinia*, and your friends:
This day shall be a love-day *Tamora*.
Titus. To morrow and it please your Maiestie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and hound, we le give your grace bonjour.
Saturn. Be it so *Titus*, and gramercy to. *Exeunt.*

sound Trumpets, manet Moore.

Aron. Now climeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Advanc'd above pale envies threatning reach,
As when the golden sunne salutes the morne,
And having gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering coach,
And over-lookes the highest piering hills.
So *Tamora*.
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistris,
And mount her pitch, whome thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,
And faster bound to *Arons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* tide to *Caucasus*.
Away with slavish weedes and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in pearle and gold,
To waite vpon this new made Empresse.
To waite said I? to wanton with this Queene,
This Goddesse, this Semerimis, this Queene,
This Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
And see his shipwracke, and his Common-weales.
Hollo, what storme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius braving.

Demet. *Chiron* thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou knowest affected be.
Chiron. *Demetrius*, thou doost ouerweene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,
Tis not the difference of a yere or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace,
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,
And plead my passions for *Lauinias* loue.
Moore Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keep the peace.
Deme. Why boy, although our mother (vnaduizd)
Gaue you a dansing rapier by your side,
Are you so desprat growne to threat your friends?
Goe too: haue your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chiron. Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare.
Demet. I boy, grow ye so braue? *they draw.*
Aron. Why how now Lords?
So neere the Emperours pallace dare you draw,
And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge,
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome.
For shame put vp.
Demet. Not I, till I haue sheathd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breathd in my dishonour heere.
Chiron. For that I am prepard, and full resolude,

Foule

Foule spoken Coward, that thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing durst performe.
Moore. Away I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike *Gothes* adore,
This petty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to iet vpon a Princes right?
What is *Lauinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels may be broght,
Without controulement, iustice, or reuenge?
Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
This discords ground, the musicke would not please.
Chiron. I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I loue *Lauinia* more then all the world. (choise
Demet. Youngling learne thou to make some meaner
Lauinia is thine elder brothers hope.
Moore. Why are ye mad? or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this deuise.
Chiron. *Aron*, A thousand deaths would I propose,
To atchieue her whome I do loue.
Aron. To atchieue her, how?
Demetri. Why, makes thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne,
Shee is *Lauinia* therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the mill
Then wots the Miller of, and easie it is,
Of a cut loafe to steale a shiue we know:
Though *Bassianus* be the Emperours brother,
Better then he haue worne *Vulcans* badge.

Moore. I, and as good as *Saturnine* may.
Demet. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to court it
With words, faire lookes, and liberality?
What hast not thou full often strucke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?
Moore. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
Would serue your turnes.
Chiron. I so the turne were serued.
Demet. *Aron* thou hast hit it.
Moore. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tirde with this adoo.
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,
To square for this? would it offend you then
That both should speede?
Chiron. Faith not me.
Demet. Nor me, so I were one.
Aron. For shame be friends, and ioyne for that you iar,
Tis pollicie and stratageme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolue,
That what you cannot as you would atchieue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chast
Then this *Lauinia*, *Bassianus* loue.
A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand,
There will the louely Roman Ladies troope:
The forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And strike her home By force if not by words,
This way or not at all, stand you in hope,
Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit

To villanie and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffer you to square your selues,
But to your wishes height aduance you both.
The Emperours court is like the house of fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:
The woods are ruthles, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There speake, and strike braue boyes, and take your turnes.
There serue your lust, shadowed from heauens eye,
And reuell in *Lauinias* treasurie.
Chiron. Thy counsell lad smells of no cowardise.
Demet. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I finde the streame,
To coole this heat, a charme to calme their fits.
Per Stigia, per manes Vehor. *Exeunt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus *and his three sonnes, making a noyse with hounds and horne.*

Titus. The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are greene,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the court may eccho with the noyse.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I haue bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspirde.
Heere a cry of houndes, and winde hornes in a peale, then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus Lauinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.
Titus. Many good morrowes to your maiestie,
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale.

Satur.

Saturnine. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat to early for new married Ladies,
Bassia. *Lauinia*, how say you? (more.
Lauinia. I say no: I haue bene broad awake two houres &
Satur. Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romaine hunting.
Marcus. I haue doggs my Lord,
Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And clime the highest promontary top.
Titus. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes like swallowes ore the plaine.
Deme. *Chiron* we hunt not we, with horse nor hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aron alone.

Moore. He that had wit would thinke that I had none,
To bury so much gold vnder a tree,
And neuer after to inherite it.
Let him that thinks of me so abiectly,
Know that this gold must coine a stratageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany:
And so repose sweet gold for their vnrest,
That haue their almes out of the Empresse Chest.

Enter Tamora alone to the Moore.

Tamora. My louely *Aron*, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When euery thing doth make a gleefull boast?
The birds chaunt melody on euery bush,
The Snake lies rolled in the cheerefull sunne,
The greene leaues quiuer with the cooling winde,
And make a checkerd shadow on the ground:
Vnder their sweet shade, *Aron* let vs sit,
And whilst the babling Ecchoe mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well tun'd hornes,

As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs sit downe and marke their yelowing noyse:
And after conflict such as was supposde
The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enioyed,
When with a happy storme they were surprisde,
And curtaind with a counsaile-keeping Caue,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our pastimes done) possesse a golden slumber,
Whiles hounds and hornes, and sweet melodious birds
Be vnto vs as is a Nurses song
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe asleepe.
Aron. Madame, though *Venus* gouerne your desires,
Saturne is dominator ouer mine:
What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholie,
My fleece of Woolly haire that now vncurles,
Euen as an Adder when she doth vnrowle
To do some fatall execution?
No Madam, these are no veneriall signes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and reuenge are hammering in my head.
Harke *Tamora* the Empresse of my soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen then rests in thee,
This is the day of doome for *Bassianus*,
His *Philomel* must loose her tongue to day,
Thy sonnes make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in *Bassianus* blood.
Seest thou this letter, take it vp I pray thee,
And giue the King this fatall plotted scrowle,
Now question me no more we are espied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull booty,
Which dreads not yet their liues destruction.

Enter Bassianus *and* Lauinia

Tamora. Ah my sweete *Moore*, sweeter to me then life!

Moore. No more great Empresse, *Bassianus* comes,
Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy sonnes
To backe thy quarrell what soere they be.
Bassia. Who haue we heere? Romes royall Empresse,
Vnfurnisht of our well beseeming troope?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
To see the generall hunting in this Forrest?
Tamora. Sawcie controuler of our priuate steps,
Had I the power, that some say *Dian* had,
Thy temples should be planted presently,
With hornes as was *Actæons*, and the hounds,
Should driue vpon his new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly intruder as thou art.
Lauinia. Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,
Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your *Moore* and you,
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Ioue shield your husband from his hounds to day,
Tis pitty they should take him for a Stag.
Bastian. Beleeue me Queene your swarty Cymerion,
Doth make your honour of his bodies hue,
Spotted, detested, and abhominable.
Why are you sequestred from all your traine?
Dismounted from your snow white goodly steed,
And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moore*,
If foule desire had not conducted you?
Lauinia. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble Lord be rated
For sawsines, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her joy her Rauen coloured loue,
This valley fits the purpose passing well.
Bassia. The King my brother shall haue notice of this.

Lauinia.

Lauinia. I, for these slips haue made him noted long,
Good King to be so mightily abused.
Queene. Why I haue patience to endure all this.

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now deere soueraigne & our gracious mother
Why doth your Highnes looke so pale and wan?
Queene. Haue I not reason think e you to looke pale
These two haue tyced me hither to this place,
A barren, detested vale you see it is,
The trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
Orecome with mosse and balefull Mistelto.
Heere neuer shines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds,
Vnlesse the nightly Owle or fatall Rauen:
And when they showd me this abhorred pit,
They told me heere at dead time of the night,
A thousand feinds, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toades, as many vrchins,
Would make such fearefull and confused cries,
As any mortall body hearing it
Should straite fall mad, or else die suddainely.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straite they told me they would binde me heere,
Vnto the body of a dismall Ewe,
And leaue me to this miserable death.
And then they calld me foule adulteresse,
Lasciuious Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes,
That euer eare did heare to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Reuenge it as you loue your mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth cald my children.
Demet. This is a witnes that I am thy sonne. *Stab him.*
Chiron. And this for me strook home to shew my strength
Lauinia. I come Semeramis, nay Barberous Tamora.

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.
Tamora. Giue me thy poniard, you shal know my boyes
Your mothers hand shall right your mothers wrong.
Demet. Stay Madam, heere is more belongs to her,
First thrash the corne, then after burne the straw:
This minion stood vpon her chastity,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie.
And with that painted hope, braues your mightines,
And shall she carry this vnto her graue?
Chiron. And if she doe, I would I were an Euenuke,
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunke pillow to our lust.
Tamora. But when ye haue the honny we desire,
Let not this waspe out-liue vs both to sting.
Chiron. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure,
Come mistris, now perforce we will enioy,
That nice preserued honestie of yours.
Lauinia. Oh *Tamora*, thou bearest a womans face.
Tamora. I will not heare her speake, away with her.
Lauina. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.
Demet. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory
To see her teares, but be your hart to them
As vnrelenting flint to drops of raine.
Lauinia. When did the Tigers young ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee.
The milke thou suckst from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny,
Yet euery Mother breeds not sonnes alike,
Do thou intreat her shew a woman pitty. (bastard
Chiron. What would st thou haue me proue my selfe a
Lauinia. Tis true, the Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion moued with pitty, did indure
To haue his princely paws pard all away.

Some

Some say that Rauens foster forlorne children,
The whilst their owne birds famish in their nests:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,
Nothing so kinde but something pittifull.
Tamora. I know not what it meanes, away with her.
Lauinia. Oh let me teach thee for my fathers sake,
That gaue thee life when well he might haue slaine thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.
Tamora. Hadst thou in person nere offended me,
Euen for his sake am I pittilesse.
Remember boyes I powrd forth teares in vaine,
To saue your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vse her as you will,
The worse to her, the better lou'd of me.
Lauinia. Oh *Tamora* be calld a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For tis not life that I haue begd so long,
Poore I was slaine when *Bassianus* dide.
Tamora. What begst thou then? fond woman let me goe?
Lauinia Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell,
Oh keepe me from their worse then killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this and be a charitable murderer.
Tamora. So should I rob my sweet sonnes of their fee,
No, let them satisfie their lust on thee.
Demet. Away, for thou hast staid vs heere too long.
Lauinia. No grace, no womanhood, ah beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confusion fall—— (husband
Chiron. Nay then Ile stop your mouth, bring thou her
This is the hole where *Aron* bid vs hide him.

Tamora. Farewell my sonnes see that you make her sure,
Nere let my hart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the *Adronicie* be made away:
Now will I hence to seeke my louely Moore,
And let my spleenefull sonnes this Trull deflowre.

Enter Aron with two of Titus sonnes.

Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast asleepe.
Quintus. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.
Mart. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while.
Quin. What art thou fallen? what subtile hole is this,
Whose mouth is couered with rude growing briers,
Vpon whose leaues are drops of new shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distild on flowers,
A very fatall place it seemes to me,
Speake brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Marti. Oh brother, with the dismalst obiect,
That euer eye with sight made hart lament.
Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere;
That he thereby may haue a likely gesse,
How these were they that made away his brother, *Exit*
Marti. Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this vnhollow and blood stained hole.
Quint. I am surprised with an vncouth feare,
A chilling sweat oreruns my trembling ioynts,
My hart suspects more then mine eie can see.
Mart. To proue thou hast a true diuining hart,
Aron and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.
Quint. *Aron* is gone, and my compassionate hart,
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold,
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:

Oh

Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.
Martius. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to a slaughtred Lambe,
In this detested darke blood drinking pit.
Quintus. If it be darke how doost thou know tis he?
Martius. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:
Which like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes,
And shewes the ragged intrailes of this pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on Piramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood,
O brother helpe me with thy fainting hand,
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,
Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Ocnus* mistie mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus* graue:
I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brink.
Martius. Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

Enter the Emperour, Aron the Moore.

Satur. Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Martius. The vnhappie sonne of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,

To

To finde thy brother *Bassianus* dead.
Saturnin. My brother dead, I know thou dost but iest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the north side of this pleasant chase,
Tis not an houre since I left him there.
Mart. We know not where you left them all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus and Lucius.

Tamora. Where is my Lord the King?
King. Here *Tamora*, though grieud with killing griefe.
Tamora. Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?
King. Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,
Poore *Bassianus* heere lies murthered.
Tamora. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeles Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyrannie.

She giueth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.

And if we misse to meete him handsomely,
Sweet huntsman Bassianus *tis we meane,*
Doe thou so much as dig the graue for him,
Thou knowst our meaning, looke for thy reward.
Among the nettles at the Elder tree,
Which ouer-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus,
Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends.

King. Oh *Tamora* was euer heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree,
Looke sirs if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should haue murthered *Bassianus* heere.
Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of gold.

King

King. Two of thy whelpes, fell curs of bloody kinde,
Haue heere bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuisd
Some neuer heard-of tortering paine for them.
Tamora. What are they in this pit, oh wondrous thing?
How easily murder is discouered?
Titus. High Emperour vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sonnes,
Accursed, if the faults be prou'd in them.
King. If it be prou'de! you see it is apparant,
Who found this letter, *Tamora* was it you?
Tamora. *Andronicus* himselfe did take it vp.
Titus. I did my Lord, yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reuerent tombe I vow
They shall be ready at your Highnes will,
To answere their suspition with their liues.
King. Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me.
Some bring the murthered body, some the murtherers,
Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my soule, were there worse end then death,
That end vpon them should be executed.
Tamora. *Andronicus* I wil entreat the King,
Feare not thy sonnes, they shall do well enough.
Titus. Come *Lucius* come, stay not to talke with them.

Enter the Empresse sonnes, with Lauinia, her hands cut off and her tongue cut out, and rauisht.

Demet. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,
Who twas that cut thy tongue and rauisht thee.
Chiron. Write downe thy minde, bewray thy meaning so,
And if thy stumpes will let thee play the scribe.
Demet. See how with signes and tokens she can scrowle.
Chiron. Goe home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Deme. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash,
And so lets leaue her to her silent walkes.
Chiron. And twere my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.
Demet. If thou hadst hands to helpe thee knit the cord.

Enter Marcus from hunting.

Who is this my Neece that flies away so fast?
Cosen a word, where is your husband?
If I do dreame would all my wealth would wake me,
If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe,
That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what sterne vngentle hands,
Hath lopt and hewd, and made thy body bare,
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments
Whose circling shadowes, Kings haue sought to sleepe in,
And might not gaine so great a happines
As halfe thy loue: Why doost not speake to me?
Alas, a crimson riuer of warme blood,
Like to a bubling fountaine stird with winde,
Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,
Comming and going with thy honny breath.
But sure some *Tereus* hath defloured thee,
And least thou shouldst detect them, cut thy tongue.
Ah now thou turnst away thy face for shame.
And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,
As from a Conduit with their issuing spouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
Blushing to be encountred with a clowde.
Shall I speake for thee, shall I say tis so?
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast,
That I might raile at him to ease my minde.
Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen stopt,
Doth burne the hart to cinders where it is.
Faire *Philomella* she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sowed her minde.

But

But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could haue better sowed then *Philomel.*
Oh had the monster seene those Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aspen leaues vpon a Lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made:
He would haue dropt his knife and fell asleepe,
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,
For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.
One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades,
What will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee,
Oh could our mourning ease thy misery. *Exeunt*

Enter the Iudges and Senatours with Titus two sonnes bound, passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before pleading.

Titus. Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
For pitty of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept.
For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed,
For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht,
And for these bitter teares, which now you see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
Whose soules is not corrupted as tis thought.
For two and twenty sonnes I neuer wept,
Because they died in honours lofty bed.

Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Iudges passe by him.

For

For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite,
My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blush:
O earth, I will befriend thee more with raine
That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,
Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres.
In Summers drought, Ile drop vpon thee still,
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drinke my deere sonnes blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death,
And let me say (that neuer wept before)
My teares are now preuailing Oratours.
Lucius. Oh noble father you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.
Titus. Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue *Tribunes*, once more I intreat of you.
Lucius, My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speak.
Titus. Why tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me, or if they did marke,
All bootlesse vnto them.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones,
Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete,
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as waxe, *Tribunes* more hard then stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne?
Lucius. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounst
My euerlasting doome of banishment.
Titus. O happy man, they haue befriended thee:
Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceaue
That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers?
Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these deuourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

Enter Marcus and Lauinia.

Marcus. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
Titus. Will it consume me? Let me see it then,
Marc. This was thy daughter,
Titus. Why *Marcus* so she is.
Lucius. Ay me, this obiect kils me.
Titus. Faint-harted boy, arise and looke vpon her,
Speake *Lauinia*, what accursed hand,
Hath made thee handlesse in thy Fathers sight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My griefe was at the height before thou camst,
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth bounds:
Giue me a sword Ile chop off my hands too,
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
And they haue nurst this woe, in feeding life:
In bootelesse prayer haue they bene held vp,
And they haue seru'd me to effectlesse vse,

Now all the seruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other?
'Tis well *Lauinia* that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome seruice, is but vaine.
Lucius. Speake gentle sister who hath martered thee?
Marcus. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blabd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweet mellodious bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchaunting euery eare.
Lucius: Oh say thou for her, who hath done this deede?
Marc. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
That hath receaude some vnrecuring wound.
Titus. It was my Deare, and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more then had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one vpon a Rock,
Inuirond with a wildernes of Sea,
Who markes the waxing tide, grow waue by waue,
Expecting euer when some enuious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone,
Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes,
But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne,
Is deere *Lauinia*, deerer then my soule.
Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me: what shall I doe,
Nowe I beholde thy liuely body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martered thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemnde, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her,

When

When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the honny dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered. (husband,
Marc. Perchance she weepes because they kild her
Perchance because she knowes him innocent.
Titus. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
Because the law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,
Witnes the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle *Lauinia* let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some signe how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I sit round about some Fountaine,
Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes
How they are staind in meadowes yet not dry,
With miery slime left on them by a flood?
And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shews
Passe the remainder of our hatefull daies?
What shall we doe? let vs that haue our tongues
Plot some deuise of further misery
To make vs wondred at in time to come.
Luci. Sweet father cease your teares, for at your griefe
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
Mart. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine eyes.
Titus. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wote,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man hast drownd it with thine owne.
Luci. Ah my *Lauinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.
Titus. Mark *Marcus* marke, I vnderstand her signes,
Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say

That

That to her brother which I said to thee.
His Napkin with her true teares all be wet,
Can do no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a simpathy of woe is this!
As farre from helpe as Limbo is from blisse.

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy selfe old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the King, he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sonnes aliue,
And that shall be the raunsome for their fault.
Titus. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aron*,
Did euer Ranen sing so like a Larke,
That giues sweet tydings of the Sunnes vprise?
With all my hart, Ile send the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou help to chop it off?
Lucius. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,
My youth can better spare my blood then you,
And therefore mine shall saue my brothers liues.
Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And reard aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Wrighting destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath bene but idle, let it serue
To raunsome my two nephewes from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.
Moore. Nay come agree whose hand shall goe along,
For feare they die before their pardon come.
Marcus. My hand shall goe.
Lucius. By heauen it shall not goe.

Titus. Sirs striue no more, such withred hearbs as these
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.
Lucius. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.
Marcus. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me show a brothers loue to thee.
Titus. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.
Lucius, Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.
Marc. But I will vse the Axe. *Exeunt.*
Titus. Come hither *Aron*, Ile deceiue them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine.
Moore. If that be cald deceit, I will be honest,
And neuer whilst I liue deceiue men so:
But Ile deceiue you in another sort,
And that youle say ere halfe an houre passe.

Hee cuts off Titus *hand.*

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Titus. Now stay your strife, what shall be is dispatcht:
Good *Aron* giue his Maiestie my hand,
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers: bid him bury it:
More hath it merrited: That let it haue.
As for my sonnes, say I account of them,
As iewels purchast at an easie price,
And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne.
Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy sonnes with thee.
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany,
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will haue his soule blacke like his face. *Exit.*

Titus. O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what would thou kneele with me?
Doe then deare heart, for heauen ſhall heare our prayers,
Or with our ſighs weele breath the welkin dimme,
And ſtaine the ſunne with fogge as ſometime cloudes,
When they do hug him in their melting boſomes.
Marcus. Oh brother ſpeake with poſſibilities,
And do not breake into theſe deepe extreames.
Titus. Is not my ſorrow deepe, hauing no bottome?
Then be my paſſios bottomleſſe with them.
Marcus. But yet let reaſon gouerne thy lament.
Titus. If there were reaſon for theſe miſeries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?
If the windes rage, doth not the ſea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big ſwolne face?
And wilt thou haue a reaſon for this coile?
I am the ſea. Harke how her ſighes doe flow:
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then muſt my Sea be moued with her ſighes,
Then muſt my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: ouerflowed and drowned:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard muſt I vomit them.
Then giue me leaue, for looſers will haue leaue,
To eaſe their ſtomackes with their bitter tongues.

Enter a meſſenger with two heads and a hand.

Meſſen. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou ſentſt the Emperour:
Heere are the heads of thy two noble ſonnes.

And heeres thy hand in ſcorne to thee ſent backe:
Thy griefes their ſports: Thy reſolution mockt:
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*
Marc. Now let hot Ætna coole in Cicilie,
And be my hart an euer-burning hell:
Theſe miſeries are more then may be borne.
To weepe with them that weepe, doth eaſe ſome deale,
But ſorrow flouted at, is double death.
Luci. Ah that this ſight ſhould make ſo deepe a wound,
And yet deteſted life not ſhrinke thereat:
That euer death ſhould let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more intereſt but to breath.
Marc. Alas poore hart that kiſſe is comfortleſſe,
As frozen water to a ſtarued ſnake.
Titus. When will this fearefull ſlumber haue an end?
Mar. Now farewell flatterie, die *Andronicus*,
Thou doſt not ſlumber, ſee thy two ſonnes heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter heere?
Thy other baniſht ſonne with this deere ſight
Strucke pale and bloodleſſe, and thy brother I,
Euen like a ſtony Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,
Rent of thy ſiluer haire, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this diſmall ſight
The cloſing vp of our moſt wretched eyes:
Now is a time to ſtorme, why art thou ſtill?
Titus. Ha, ha, ha.
Marc. Why doſt thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.
Titus. Why I haue not another teare to ſhed:
Beſides, this ſorrow is an enemie,
And would vſurpe vpon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way ſhall I finde Reuenges Caue?

For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,
And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefes be returnd againe,
Euen in their throats that haue committed them.
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
You heauie people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs,
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
And *Lauinia* thou shalt be imployd in these Armes,
Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the *Gothes*, and raise an army there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Let's kisse and part, for we haue much to doe.

Exeunt.

Lucius. Farwell *Andronicus* my noble Father;
The woefulst man that euer liude in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome till *Lucius* come againe,
He loues his pledges dearer then his life:
Farewell *Lauinia* my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast bene,
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lauinia* liues
But in obliuion and hatefull griefes:
If *Lucius* liue he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturnine* and his Empresse
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene.
Now will I to the Gothes and raise a power,
To be reuengd on Rome and *Saturnine*.

Exit Lucius.

Enter

Enter Lucius sonne and Lauinia running after him, and the boy flies from her with his bookes vnder his arme.

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Puer. Helpe Grandsier helpe, my Aunt *Lauinia*,
Followes me euery where I know not why.
Good Vncle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,
Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.
Marcus. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thine aunt.
Titus. She loues thee boy too well to do thee harme.
Puer. I when my father was in Rome she did.
Marcus What meanes my Neece *Lauinia* by these signes?
Titus. Feare her not *Lucius* somewhat doth she meane.
See *Lucius* see, how much she makes of thee:
Some whether would she haue thee goe with her.
Ah boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care
Red to her sonnes then she hath red to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:
Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies thee thus?
Puer. My Lord I know not I, nor can I gesse,
Vnlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her:
For I haue heard my Grandsier say full oft,
Extremitie of griefes would make men mad.
And I haue red that *Hecuba* of Troy,
Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to feare
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my youth,
Which made me downe to throw my bookes and flie,
Causles perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,
And Madam, if my Vncle *Marcus* goe,

I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.
Marc. *Lucius* I will.
Titus, How now *Lauinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?
Some booke there is that she desires to see:
Which is it girle of these? open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyse of all my Library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heauens
Reueale the damnd contriuer of this deede.
Why lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?
Marc. I thinke she meanes that there was more then one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
Or else to heauen she heaues them for reuenge.
Titus. *Lucius* what booke is that she tosseth so?
Puer. Grandsier tis Ouids Metamorphosis,
My mother gaue it me.
Marc. For loue of her thats gone,
Perhaps she culd it from among the rest.
Titus. Soft, so busily she turnes the leaues,
Helpe her, what would she finde? *Lauinia* shall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*,
And treates of *Tereus* treason and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.
Marc. See brother see note how she quotes the leaues.
Titus. *Lauinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet girle,
Rauisht and wrongd as *Philomela* was,
Forcd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)
Patternd by that the Poet heere describes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes.
Marc. O why should nature build so foule a den,
Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies?
Tit. Giue signes sweet girle for heere are none but friends.

What

What Romane Lord it was durst do the deede?
Or slonke not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erst,
That left the Campe to sinne in *Lucrece* bed.
Marc. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me,
Appollo, *Pallas*, *Ioue*, or *Mercury*,
Inspire me that I may this treason finde.
My Lord looke heere, looke heere *Lauinia*.

He writes his Name with his staffe, and guides it with feete and mouth.

This sandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst.
This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curst be that hart that forst vs to this shift:
Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,
What God will haue discouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
That we may know the traytors and the truth.

She takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her stumpes, and writes.

Titus. Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writ,
Stuprum, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.
Marc. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of *Tamora*,
Performers of this hainous bloody deede?
Titus. *Magni Dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?
Marc. Oh calme thee gentle Lord, although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To stirre a mutenie in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes.
My Lord kneele downe with me, *Lauinia* kneele,

And

And kneele sweete boy, the Romaine Hectors hope,
And sweare with me, as with the wofull feere,
And father of that chast dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Iunius Brutus* sweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute by good aduise
Mortall reuenge vpon these trayterous Gothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproch.
Titus. Tis sure enough, and you knew how,
But if you hunt these Beare whelpes then beware,
The Dam will wake, and if she winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deepely still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back.
And when he sleepes will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let it alone,
And come I will goe get a leafe of brasse,
And with a gad of steele will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde,
Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
And wheres your lesson then, boy what say you?
Puer I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.
Marc. I thats my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull country done the like.
Puer. And Vnckle so will I, and if I liue.
Titus. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thoult do thy message, wilt thou not?
Puer. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandsir.
Titus. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lauinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court.

I marry will we sir, and weele be waited on. *Exeunt.*
Marc. O heauens! can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his hart,
Then foe-mens markes vpon his battred shield,
But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus.* *Exit*

Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore, and at another dore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ vpon them.

Chiron. *Demetrius* heeres the sonne of *Lucius*,
He hath some message to deliuer vs.
Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.
Puer. My Lords, with all the humblenes I may,
I greete your honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.
Deme. Gramercie louely *Lucius*, what's the newes?
Puer. That you are both decipherd, that's the newes,
For villaines markt with rape. May it please you,
My Grandsier well aduisde hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
To gratifie your honourable youth
The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say:
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when euer you haue neede,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leaue you both: like bloody villaines. *Exit.*
Deme. What's heere? a scrole, and written round about?
Let's see,
Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, non eget mauri iaculis nec arcus.
Chiron. O tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well.

I read it in the Grammer long agoe.
Moore I iust, a verse in *Horace*, right, you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Asse.
Heeres no sound iest, the old man hath found their gilt,
And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quicke:
But were our witty Empresse well a foote,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit,
But let her rest in her vnrest a while.
And now yoong Lords, was't not a happy starre,
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then so
Captiues to be aduanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.
Demet. But me more good to see so great a Lord,
Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts.
Moore Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*,
Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?
Demet. I would we had a thousand Romane Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.
Chiron. A charitable wish and full of loue.
Moore. Heere lacks but your mother for to say Amen.
Chiron. And that would she for twenty thousand more.
Demet. Come let vs goe and pray to all the Gods
For our beloued mother in her paines.
Moore. Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

Trumpets sound.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?
Chiron. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne.
Deme. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore childe.

Nur. Good morrow Lords, O tell me did you see *Aron* the
Aron. Well, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all, (Moore
Heere

Heere *Aron* is, and what with *Aron* now?
Nurse. Oh gentle *Aron*, we are all vndone,
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.
Aron. Why what a catterwalling dost thou keepe,
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?
Nurse. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empresse shame, and stately Romes disgrace,
She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.
Aron. To whome?
Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed.
Aron. Wel God giue her good rest, what hath he sent her?
Nurse. A deuill.
Aron. Why then she is the Deuils Dam, a ioyfull issue,
Nurse. A ioyles, dismall, blacke, and sorrowfull issue,
Heere is the babe as loathsome as a toad,
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime,
The Empresse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy seale,
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.
Aron. Zounds ye whore, is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowes, you are a beautious blossome sure.
Deme. Villaine what hast thou done?
Aron. That which thou canst not vndoe.
Chiron. Thou hast vndone our mother.
Aron. Villaine, I haue done thy mother.
Demet. And therein hellish dog thou hast vndone,
Woe to her chance, and damb'd her loathed choyce,
Accurst the offspring of so foule a fiend.
Chiron. It shall not liue.
Aron. It shall not die.
Nurse. *Aron* it must, the mother wils it so.
Aron. What must it Nurse? then let no man but I,
Doe execution on my flesh and blood.
Dem. Ile broach the tadpole on my Rapiers point,
Nurse giue it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it.

Aron. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels vp.
Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning tapers of the skie,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,
That touches this my first borne sonne and heire.
I tell you younglings, not *Enceladus*,
With all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of warre,
Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:
What, what, ye sanguine shallow harted boyes,
Yee white-limbde walls, ye ale-house painted signes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it scornes to beare another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
Although she laue them hourely in the flood:
Tell the Empresse from me I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can.
Demet. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistris thus?
Aron. My mistris is my mistris, this my selfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I preferre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe safe,
Or some of you shall smoake for it in Rome.
Demet. By this our mother is for euer shamde.
Chiron. Rome will despise her for this foule escape.
Nurse. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.
Chiron. I blush to thinke vpon this ignomie.
Aron, Why theres the priuiledge your beauty beares:
Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the hart:
Heeres a young lad framde of another leere,
Looke how the blacke slaue smiles vpon the father,

As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne.
He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed
Of that selfe blood that first gaue life to you,
And from that wombe where you imprisoned were,
He is infranchised and come to light:
Nay he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seale be stamped in his face.
Nurse. *Aron* what shall I say vnto the Empresse?
Demet. Aduise thee *Aron*, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy aduise:
Saue thou the childe so we may all be safe.
Aron. Then sit we downe and let vs all consult.
My sonne and I will haue the winde of you:
Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety.
Demet. How many women saw this childe of his?
Aron. Why so braue Lords, when we ioyne in league
I am a Lambe, but if you braue the *Moore*,
The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyonesse,
The Ocean swells not so as *Aron* stormes:
But say againe, how many saw the childe?
Nurse. *Cornelia*, the midwife and my selfe,
And no one else but the deliuered Empresse.
Aron. The Empresse, the Midwife, and your selfe,
Two may keepe counsell when the thirds away:
Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said, *He kills her.*
Weeke, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared to the spit.
Demet. What meanst thou Aron, wherefore didst thou this
Aron. O Lord sir, tis a deed of pollicie,
Shall she liue to betray this gilt of ours?
A long tongu'd babling Gossip, no Lords no:
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Country-man
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His childe is like to her, faire as you are:

Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their childe shall be aduaunst,
And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke ye Lords, ye see I haue giuen her physick,
And you must needes bestow her funerall,
The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, see that you take no longer daies
But send the Midwife presently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.

Chiron. *Aron* I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with secrets.

Deme. For this care of *Tamora*,
Herselfe and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt*

Aron. Now to the Gothes, as swift as swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
And secretly to greete the Empresse friends:
Come on you thick-lipt-slaue, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:
Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,
And feede on curds and whay, and suck e the Goate,
And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp
To be a warriour, and commaund a Campe. *Exit.*

Enter Titus, *old* Marcus, *young* Lucius, *and other gentlemen with bowes, and* Titus *beares the arrowes with Letters on the ends of them.*

Titus. Come *Marcus*, come, kinsmen this is the way,
Sir boy let me see your archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough and tis there straight,

Terras

Terras Astrea reliquit, be you remembred *Marcus*.
Shees gone, shees fled, sirs take you to your tooles,
You Cosens shall goe sound the Ocean,
And cast your nets, happily you may finde her in the sea,
Yet theres as little iustice as at Land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must doe it,
Tis you must dig with mattocke, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost center of the earth,
Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
I pray you deliuer him this petition,
Tell him it is for iustice and for aide,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with sorrowes in vngratefull Rome.
Ah Rome, well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the peoples suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of warre vnsearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue shipt her hence,
And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for iustice,

Marc. O *Publius* is not this a heauie case
To see thy noble Vncle thus distract?

Publi. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and night t'attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindely as we may,
Till time beget some carefull remedie.

Marcus. Kinsmen, his sorrowes are past remedie.
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traytor *Saturnine*.

Titus. *Publius* how now, how now my Maisters,
What haue you met with her?

Pabli. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall,

Marrie

Marrie for Iuſtice ſhe is ſo imployd,
He thinkes with *Ioue* in heauen, or ſome where elſe,
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.
Titus. He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,
Ile diue into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acaron by the heeles.
Marcus we are but ſhrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bond-men, framd of the Cyclops ſize,
But mettal *Marcus*, ſteele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backs can beare:
And ſith theres no iuſtice in earth nor hell,
We will ſolicite heauen, and moue the Gods,
To ſend downe Iuſtice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

He giues them the Arrowes.

Ad Iouem, thats for you, here *ad Apollonem*,
Ad Martem, thats for my ſelfe,
Here boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to ſhoote againſt the winde.
Too it boy, *Marcus* looſe when I bid,
Of my word, I haue written to effect,
Theres not a God left vnſollicited.
Marcus Kinſmen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.
Titus. Now Maiſters draw, oh well ſaid *Lucius*,
Good boy in *Virgoes* lap, giue it *Pallas*.
Marc. My Lord, I aime a mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.
Titus. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what haſt thou done?
See, ſee, thou haſt ſhot off one of *Taurus* hornes.
Marcus. This was the ſport my Lord, when *Publius* ſhot,
The Bull being gald, gaue *Aries* ſuch a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,

And

Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His ſorrowes haue ſo ouerwhelmde his wits?
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitternes?
And now he writes to heauen for his redreſſe,
See heeres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercury*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
Sweet ſcrowles to flie about the ſtreets of Rome,
Whats this but Libelling againſt the Senate,
And blazoning our vniuſtice euery where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who would ſay, in Rome no iuſtice were:
But if I liue, his fained extaſies
Shall be no ſhelter to theſe outrages,
But he and his ſhall know that iuſtice liues
In *Saturninus* health, whome if he ſleepe,
He'le ſo awake, as he in fury ſhall
Cut off the proud'ſt conſpiratour that liues.

Tamora. My gracious Lord, my louely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, commaunder of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
Th'effects of ſorrow for his valiant ſonnes,
Whoſe loſſe hath pearſt him deepe, and ſcard his hart,
And rather comfort his diſtreſſed plight,
Then proſecute the meaneſt or the beſt
For theſe contempts: Why thus it ſhall become
Hie witted *Tamora* to gloſe with all:
But *Titus* I haue touched thee to the quicke,
Thy life-blood out: if *Aron* now be wiſe,
Then is all ſafe, the Anchor's in the port.

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow wouldſt thou ſpeake with vs?

Clowne. Yea forſooth, and your Miſterſhip be Emperiall.

Tamora. Empresse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.
Clowne. Tis he, God and Saint Stephen giue you good den, I haue brought you a letter and a couple of pigions heere.

He reads the Letter.

Satur. Goe take him away and hang him presently.
Clowne. How much money must I haue?
Tamora. Come sirra, you must be hanged.
Clowne. Hangd, be Lady then I haue brought vp a neck to a faire end.

Exit.

Satur. Dispightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same deuise proceedes:
May this be borne, as if his trayterous sonnes,
That dide by law for murther of our brother,
Haue by my meanes bene butchered wrongfully?
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape priuiledge,
For this proud mocke Ile be thy slaughter man,
Sly franticke wretch, that holpst to make me great,
In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and me.

Enter Nuntius Emillius.

Saturn. What newes with thee *Emillius*?
Emil. Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cause,
The Gothes haue gathered head, and with a power
Of high resolued men, bent to the spoyle,
They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
Of *Lucius*, sonne to old *Andronicus*,
Who threats in course of this reuenge to doe

As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.
King Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes,
These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with stormes:
I, now begins our sorrowes to approach,
Tis he the common people loue so much,
My selfe hath often heard them say,
When I haue walked like a priuate man,
That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
And they haue wisht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.
Tamora. Why should you feare, is not your Citty strong?
King. I but the Cittizens fauour *Lucius*,
And will reuolt from me to succour him.
Tamora. *King*, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the Sunne dimd, that Gnats do flie in it?
The Eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melodie.
Euen so mayest thou the giddy men of Rome,
Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
With words more sweet and yet more dangerous
Then baites to fish, or honny stalkes to sheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baite,
The other rotted with delicious feede.
King. But he will not entreat his sonne for vs.
Tamor. If *Tamora* entreat him then he will,
For I can smooth and fill his aged eare,
With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old yeares deafe,
Yet should both eare and hart obey my tongue.
Goe thou before to be our Embassadour,
Say that the Emperour requests a parly

Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.
King. *Emilius* doe this meſſage honourably,
And if he ſtand in hoſtage for his ſafety,
Bid him demaund what pledge will pleaſe him beſt.
Emilius. Your bidding ſhall I doe effectually.

Exit.

Tamora. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes.
And now ſweet Emperour be blith againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deuiſes.
Satur. Then goe ſucceſſantly and plead to him.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes, with Drum and Souldiers.

Lucius. Approued warriours, and my faithfull friends,
I haue receaued letters from great Rome,
Which ſignifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how deſirous of our ſight they are.
Therefore great Lords be as your titles witnes,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any ſcathe,
Let him make treble ſatiſfaction.
Goth. Braue ſlip ſprung from the great *Andronicus*,
Whoſe name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
Whoſe high exploits and honourable deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt,
Be bolde in vs, weele follow where thou leadſt,
Like ſtinging Bees in hotteſt Sommers day,
Led by their maiſter to the flowred fields,
And be auengd on curſed *Tamora*;

And

And as he ſaith, ſo ſay we all with him.
Lucius. I humbly thanke him and I thank you all.
But who comes heere led by a luſty *Goth*?

Enter a Goth leading of Aron with his child in his armes.

Goth. Renowned *Lucius* from our troups I ſtraid,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monaſterie,
And as I earneſtly did fixe mine eye
Vpon the waſted building, ſuddainely
I heard a childe cry vnderneath a wall:
I made vnto the noyſe, when ſoone I heard,
The crying babe controld with this diſcourſe:
Peace tawny ſlaue, halfe me, and halfe thy dam,
Did not thy hue bewray whoſe brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mothers looke,
Villaine thou mightſt haue bene an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk white,
They neuer do beget a cole-blacke Calfe:
Peace villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I muſt beare thee to a truſty Goth,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empreſſe babe,
Will hold thee dearely for thy mothers ſake.
With this my weapon drawne I ruſht vpon him,
Surprizd him ſuddainely, and brought him hither
To vſe as you thinke needefull of the man.
Lucius. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuill,
That robd *Andronicus* of his good hand:
This is the Pearle that pleaſd your Empreſſe eye,
And heeres the baſe fruit of his burning luſt,
Say wall-ey'd ſlaue whether would'ſt thou conuay
This growing Image of thy fiendlike face?
Why dſt not ſpeake? what deafe, not a word?

A halter Souldiers, hang him on this tree,
And by his ſide his fruit of Baſtardie.
Aron. Touch not the boy, he is of Royall blood.
Luci. Too like the Syre for euer being good,
Firſt hang the childe that he may ſee it ſprall,
A ſight to vexe the fathers ſoule withall.
Aron. Get me a ladder, *Lucius* ſaue the childe,
And beare it from me to the Empreſſe:
If thou doe this, Ile ſhew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile ſpeake no more but vengeance rot you all.
Lucius. Say on, and if it pleaſe me which thou ſpeakſt,
Thy childe ſhall liue, and I will ſee it nouriſht.
Aron. And if it pleaſe thee? why aſſure thee *Lucius*,
T'will vexe thy ſoule to heare what I ſhall ſpeake:
For I muſt talke of murthers, rapes, and maſſacres,
Acts of blacke nights, abhominable deeds,
Complots of miſchiefe, treaſon, villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiouſly performd,
And this ſhall all be buried by my death,
Vnleſſe thou ſweare to me my childe ſhall liue.
Lucius. Tell on thy minde, I ſay thy childe ſhall liue.
Aron. Sweare that he ſhall, and then I will begin.
Lucius. Who ſhould I ſweare by, thou beleeueſt no God,
That graunted, how canſt thou beleeue an oath?
Aron. What if I doe not, as indeed I doe not,
Yet for I know thou art religious,
And haſt a thing within thee called conſcience,
With twenty popiſh tricks and ceremonies,
Which I haue ſeene thee carefull to obſerue,
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know
An Idcot holds his bauble for a God,
And keepes the oath which by that God he ſweares,

To

To that Ile vrge him: therefore thou ſhalt vow
By that ſame God, what God ſo ere it be
That thou adoreſt, and haſt in reuerence,
To ſaue my boy, to nouriſh and bring him vp,
Or elſe I will diſcouer nought to thee.
Lucius. Euen by my God I ſweare to thee I will.
Aron. Firſt know thou, I begot him on the Empreſſe,
Lucius. Oh moſt inſatiate luxurious woman!
Aron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deede of charitie,
To that which thou ſhalt heare of me anon,
T'was her two ſonnes that murdered *Baſſianus*,
They cut thy ſiſters tongue and rauiſht her,
And cut her hands, and trimd her as thou ſaweſt.
Lucius, Oh deteſtable villaine, call'ſt thou that trimming
Aron. Why ſhe was waſht, and cut, and trimd,
And twas trim ſport for them that had the doing of it,
Lucius, Oh barberous beaſtly villaines like thy ſelfe!
Aron. Indeede I was their tutor to inſtruct them,
That codding ſpirit had they from their mother,
As ſure a carde as euer wonne the ſet:
That bloody minde I thinke they learnd of me,
As true a dog as euer fought at head:
Well, let my deedes be witnes of my worth,
I traynde thy bretheren to that guilefull hole,
Where the dead corps of *Baſſianus* lay:
I wrote the letter that thy Father found,
And hid the gold within the Letter mentioned,
Confederate with the Queene, and her two ſonnes.
And what not done, that thou haſt cauſe to rue,
Wherein I had no ſtroke of miſchiefe in it.
I playd the cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it drew my ſelfe apart,
And almoſt broke my hart with extreame laughter,
I pried me through the creuie of a wall,

When

When for his hand he had his two sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught so hartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I told the Empresse of this sport,
She sounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gaue me twenty kisses.

Goth.

What canst thou say all this, and neuer blush?

Aron.

I like a blacke dogge as the saying is.

Lucius.

Art thou not sorry for these hainous deedes.

Aron.

I that I had not done a thousand more,
Euen now I curse the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within the compasse of my curse,
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else deuise his death,
Rauish a maid, or plot the way to doe it,
Accuse some innocent, and forswear my selfe,
Set deadly enmity betweene two friends,
Make poore mens cattell breake their necks,
Set fire on barnes and hay stackes in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their teares:
Oft haue I digd vp dead men from their graues,
And set them vpright at their deere friends doore,
Euen when their sorrowes almost was forgot,
And on their skinnes, as on the barke of trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine letters,

Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I haue done a thousand dreadfull thinges
As willingly as one would kill a flie,
And nothing greeues me hartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe tenne thousand more.
Lucius. Bring downe the deuill, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.
Aron. If there be deuils, would I were a deuill,
To liue and burne in euerlasting fire,
So I might haue your company in hell
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.
Lucius. Sirs stop his mouth, and let him speake no more.

Enter Emillius.

Goth. My Lord there is a Messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.
Lucius. Let him come neere.
Welcome *Emillius*, what's the newes from Rome?
Emill. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me,
And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,
He craues a parly at your fathers house
Willing you to demaund your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliuered.
Goth. What saies our Generall?
Lucius. *Emillius*, let the Emperour giue his pledges
Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcus*,
And we will come: march away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tamora, and her two sonnes disguised.

Tamora. Thus in this strange and sad habilliament,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,

And say, I am reuenge sent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs,
Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,
To ruminate strange plots of diere Reuenge,
Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confusion on his enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his studie dore.

Titus. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
That so my sad decrees may flie away,
And all my studie be to no effect?
You are deceaud, for what I meane to doe,
See heere in bloody lines I haue set downe,
And what is written shall be executed.
Tamora. *Titus*, I am come to talke with thee,
Titus. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue that accord,
Thou hast the ods of me, therefore no more. (me
Tamora. If thou didst know me thou wouldst talke with
Titus. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witnes this wretched stump, witnes these crimson lines,
Witnes these trenches made by griefe and care,
Witnes the tyring day and heauie night,
Witnes all sorrow that I know thee well
For our proud Empresse, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand?
Tamora. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*,
She is thy enemie, and I thy friend,
I am Reuenge sent from th'infernall Kingdome,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy minde,
By working wreakefull vengeance on thy foes:

Come

Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Confferre with me of murder and of death,
There's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murther or detested rape,
Can couch for feare but I will finde them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge, which makes the foule offenders quake.
Titus. Art thou Reuenge, and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?
Tamora. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.
Titus. Doe me some seruice ere I come to thee,
Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,
Now giue some surance that thou art Reuenge,
Stab them or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
Prouide thee two proper palfreies, as blacke as Iet,
To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,
And finde out murder in their guilty cares.
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Tret like a seruile footeman all day long,
Euen from *Epeons* rising in the East,
Vntill his very downefall in the Sea.
And day by day ile doe this heauy taske,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.
Tamora. These are my ministers and come with me.
Titus. Are them thy ministers, what are they call'd?
Tamora. Rape and Murder, therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kinde of men.
Titus. Good Lord how like the Empresse Sonnes they are
And you the Empresse: but we worldly men
Haue miserable mad mistaking eyes.

Oh sweet Reuenge now doe I come to thee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.
Tamora. This closing with him fits his Lunacie,
Whatere I forge to feede his braine-sicke fits,
Doe you vphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he firmely takes me for Reuenge,
And being credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him send for *Lucius* his sonne,
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
Ile finde some cunning practise out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddie Gothes,
Or at the least make them his enemies:
See heere he comes, and I must ply my theame.
Titus. Long haue I bene forlorne, and all for thee,
Welcome dread fury to my woefull house,
Rapine and Murther you are welcome too,
How like the Empresse and her sonnes you are,
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell affoord you such a deuill?
For well I wote the Empresse neuer wags,
But in her company there is a Moore,
And would you represent our Queene aright,
It were conuenient you had such a deuill:
But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?
Tamora. What wouldst thou haue vs doe *Andronicus*?
Deme. Show me a murtherer Ile deale with him.
Chiron. Show me a villaine that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reuengd on him,
Tamora. Show me a thousand that haue done thee wrong,
And I will be reuenged on them all.
Titus. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou findst a man that's like thy selfe,
Good murther stab him, hees a murtherer,

Goe

Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine stab him, he is a rauisher,
Goe thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maist thou know her by thy owne proportion,
For vp and downe she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They haue done violent to me and mine,
Tamora. Well hast thou lessond vs, this shall we doe.
But would it please thee good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice valiant sonne,
Who leades towards Rome a band of warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
When he is heere, euen at thy solemne feast,
I will bring in the Empresse and her sonnes,
The Emperour himselfe, and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoope and kneele,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry hart:
What saies *Andronicus* to this deuise?

Enter Marcus.

Titus. *Marcus* my brother, tis sad *Titus* calls,
Goe gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour and the Empresse too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This doe thou for my loue, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.
Mar. This will I doe, and soone returne againe.

Tamora

Tamor. Now will I hence about thy buſines,
And take my miniſters along with me.
Titus. Nay, nay, let rape and murder ſtay with me,
Or els Ile call my brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius*.
Tam. What ſay you boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouernd our determind ieſt,
Yeelde to his humour, ſmooth and ſpeake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.
Titus. I know them all, though they ſuppoſe me mad,
And will ore-reach them in theyr owne deuiſes,
A payre of curſed hell-hounds and their Dam.
Deme. Madam depart at pleaſure, leaue vs heere.
Tamora. Farewell *Andronicus*, reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.
Titus. I know thou dooſt, and ſweete reuenge farewell.
Chiron. Tell vs old man, how ſhall we be imployd,
Titus. But I haue worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hether, *Caius*, and *Valentine*,
Publius. What is your will?
Titus. Know you theſe two?
Pub. The Empreſſe ſonnes I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.
Titus. Fie *Publius* fie, thou art too much deceaude,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore binde them gentle *Publius*,
Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me wiſh for ſuch an houre,
And now I finde it, therefore binde them ſure,
And ſtop their mouthes if they begin to cry.
Chiron. Villaines forbeare, we are the Empreſſe ſonnes.
Publius. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop cloſe their mouthes, let them not ſpeake a word,
Is he ſure bound, looke that you binde them faſt.

Enter

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lauinia with a Baſon.

Titus. Come, come *Lauinia*, looke, thy foes are bound,
Sirs ſtop their mouthes, let them not ſpeake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.
Oh villaines, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
Here ſtands the ſpring whome you haue ſtaind with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kild her husband, and for that vilde fault,
Two of her brothers were condemnd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry ieſt,
Both her ſweet hands, her tongue, and that more deere
Then hands or tongue, her ſpotleſſe chaſtity,
Inhumaine traytors, you conſtraind and forſt.
What would you ſay if I ſhould let you ſpeake?
Villaines for ſhame you could not beg for grace.
Harke wretches how I meane to martyr you,
This one hand yet is left to cut your throates
Whilſt that *Lauinia* tweene her ſtumps doth hold
The Baſon that receaues your guilty blood.
You know your Mother meanes to feaſt with me,
And calls herſelfe Reuenge, and thinkes me mad.
Harke villaines, I will grinde your bones to duſt,
And with your blood and it Ile make a paſte,
And of the paſte a coffen I will reare,
And make two paſties of your ſhamefull heads,
And bid that ſtrumpet your vnhallowed Dam,
Like to the earth ſwallow her owne increaſe.
This is the feaſt that I haue bid her to,
And this the banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfet on,
For worſe then *Philomel* you vſde my daughter,
And woꝛſe then *Progne* I will be reuengd,

And

And now prepare your throats: *Lauinia* come,
Receaue the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grinde their bones to powder small,
And with this hatefull liquour temper it,
And in that paste let their vilde heads be bakte,
Come, come, be euery one officious,
To make this banket, which I wish may proue
More sterne and bloody then the Centaures feast.

He cuts their throats.

So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And see them ready against their Mother comes.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Lucius. Vnckle *Marcus*, since tis my fathers minde
That I repaire to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine befall what Fortune will.

Lucius. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This rauenous Tiger, this accursed deuill,
Let him receaue no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought vnto the Emperours face,
For testimony of her foule proceedings:
And see the Ambush of our friends be strong,
I feare the Emperour meanes no good to vs.

Moore. Some deuill whisper curses in mine eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may vtter forth,
The venemous mallice of my swelling heart.

Lucius. Away inhumane dogge, vnhallowed slaue,
Sirs, helpe our vnckle to conuey him in,
The trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.

Sound Trumpets, Enter Emperour and Empresse, with Tribunes and others.

King. What, hath the firmament moe sunnes then one?

Lucius,

Lucius. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a sunne?

Marcus, Romes Emperour and Nephew breake the parle
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The feast is ready which the carefull *Titus*,
Hath ordained to an honourable end,
For peace, for loue, for league and good to Rome:
Please you therefore draw nie and take your places.

Saturn. *Marcus* we will.

Sound trumpets, enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meate on the Table, and Lauinia with a vaile ouer her face.

Titus. Welcom my gracious Lord, welcom dread Queen
Welcome ye warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all, although the cheere be poore,
Twill fill your stomacks, please you eat of it.

Satur. Why art thou thus attired *Andronicus*?

Titus. Because I would be sure to haue all well,
To entertaine your highnes, and your Empresse.

Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*,

Titus. And if your highnes knew my heart, you were:
My Lord the Emperour resolue me this,
Was it well done of rash *Virginius*,
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand,
Because she was enforst, staind, and deflowrde?

Satur. It was *Andronicus*.

Titus. Your reason mighty Lord?

Satur. Because the girle should not suruiue her shame.
And by her presence still renew his sorrowes.

Titus. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuall,
A patterne, president, and liuely warrant,
For me most wretched to performe the like,
Die, die *Lauinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy Fathers sorrow die. *he kills her.*

Saturn. What hast thou doue, vnnaturall and vnkinde?

Tit. Kild her for whome my teares haue mabe me dlind.
I am as wofull as *Virgi ius* was,
And haue a thousand times more cause then he,
To doe this outrage, and it is now done.
King. What was she rauisht? tell who did the deede.
Titus. Wilt please you eat, wilt please your highnes feed?
Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine onely daughter
Titus. Not I, twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*.
They rauisht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, twas they, that did her all this wrong.
King. Goe fetch them hether to vs presently.
Titus. Why there they are both, baked in that pie,
Whereof their mother daintilie hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred.
Tis true, tis true, witnes my kniues sharpe point,
He stabs the Empresse.

Empe. Die franticke wretch for this accursed deee
Lucius. Can the sonnes eye behold his father bleede?
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deede.
Marcus. You sad fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By vprores seuerd like a flight of fowle,
Scattred by windes and high tempestious gusts,
Oh let me teach you how to knit againe
This scattred corne into one mutuall sheaffe,
These broken limbs againe into one body.
Roman Lord. Let Rome herselfe be bane vnto her selfe,
And shee whome mightie kingdomes curtie too,
Like a forlorne and desperate cast away,
Doe shamefull execution on her selfe.
But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,
Graue witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as erst our Ancestor,

When with his solemne tongue he did discourse
To loue-sicke Didoes sad attending eare,
The story of that balefull burning night,
When subtile Greekes surprizd King Priams Troy,
Tell vs what Sinon hath bewitcht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in
That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.
My hart is not compact of flint nor steele,
Nor can I vtter all our bitter griefe,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
And breake my very vttrance euen in the time
When it should moue you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Heere is a Captaine let him tell the tale,
Your harts will throb and weepe to heare him speake.
Lucius. Then noble auditory be it knowne to you,
That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murdred our Emperours brother,
And they it were that rauished our sister,
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares despisd, and basely cousend,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And sent her enemies vnto the graue.
Lastly my selfe vnkindly banished,
The gates shut on me and turnd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among Romes enemies,
Who drownd their enmity in my true teares,
And opt their armes to imbrace me as a friend,
and I am the turned forth be it knowne to you,
That haue preserud her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosome tooke the enemies point,
Sheathing the steele in my aduentrous body.
Alas you know I am no vaunter I,
My scars can witnes, dumb although they are,

That my report is iust and full of truth,
But soft, me thinkes I doe digresse too much,
Cyting my worthles praise, Oh pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praise themselues.
Marcu. Now is my turne to speake: behold this childe,
Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
The issue of an irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe Architect and plotter of these woes,
The villaine is aliue in *Titus* house,
And as he is to witnes this is true,
Now iudge what course had *Titus* to reuenge,
These wrongs, vnspeakeable past pacience,
Or more then any liuing man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth, what say you Romanes?
Haue we done ought amisse? show vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of *Andronicie*
Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,
And make a mutuall closure of our house:
Speake Romaines speake, and if you say we shall,
Lo hand in hand *Lucius* and I will fall.
Emilius. Come come thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour for well I know,
The common voyce doe cry it shall be so.
Marcus. *Lucius*, all haile Romes royall Emperour,
Goe goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,
And hither hale that misbeleiuing *Moore*,
To be adiudgd some direfull slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouernour.
Lucius. Thankes gentle Romaines may I gouerne so,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe:

But

But gentle people giue me aime a while,
For nature puts me to a heauie taske,
Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle draw you neere,
To shed obsequious teares vpon this trunke,
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowful drops vpon thy bloud-staine face,
The last true duties of thy noble sonne.
Marc. Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips,
Oh were the summe of these that I should pay,
Countlesse and infinite, yet would I pay them.
Lucius. Come hither boy come, come and learne of vs,
To melt in showers, thy Grandsier lou'd thee well,
Many a time he daunst thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleepe, his louing breast thy pillow,
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete and agreeing with thine infancie,
In that respect then, like a louing childe,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kinde nature doth require it so,
Friends should associate friends in griefe and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the graue,
Doe them that kindnes, and take leaue of them.
Puer. O Grandsier, Grandsire, euen with all my hart,
Would I were dead so you did liue againe.
O Lord I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me if I ope my mouth.
Romaine. You sad *Andronicie* haue done with woes,
Giue sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath bene breeder of these dire euents.
Lucius. Set him breast deepe in earth and famish him
There let him stand and raue and cry for foode,
If any one releeues or pittres him,
For the offence he dies, this is our doome.

Some

Some ſtay to ſee him faſtned in the earth.

Aron. Ah why ſhould wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby I, that with baſe praiers
I ſhould repent the euils I haue done,
Ten thouſand worſe then euer yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will,
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I doe repent it from my very ſonle.

Lucius. Some louing friends conuey the Emperour hence
And giue him buriall in his fathers graue,
My father and *Lauinia* ſhall forthwith
Be cloſed in our houſholds monument:
As for that hanous Tiger *Tamora*,
No funerell rite, nor man in mournefull weeds,
No mournefull bell ſhall ring her buriall.
But throw her forth to beaſts and birds to prey,
Her life was beaſtly and deuoid of pitty,
And being ſo ſhall haue like want of pitty.
See iuſtice done on *Aron* that damnd *Moore*,
By whome our heauy haps had their beginning:
Then afterwards to order well the ſtate,
That like euents may ner'e it ruinate.

FINIS.

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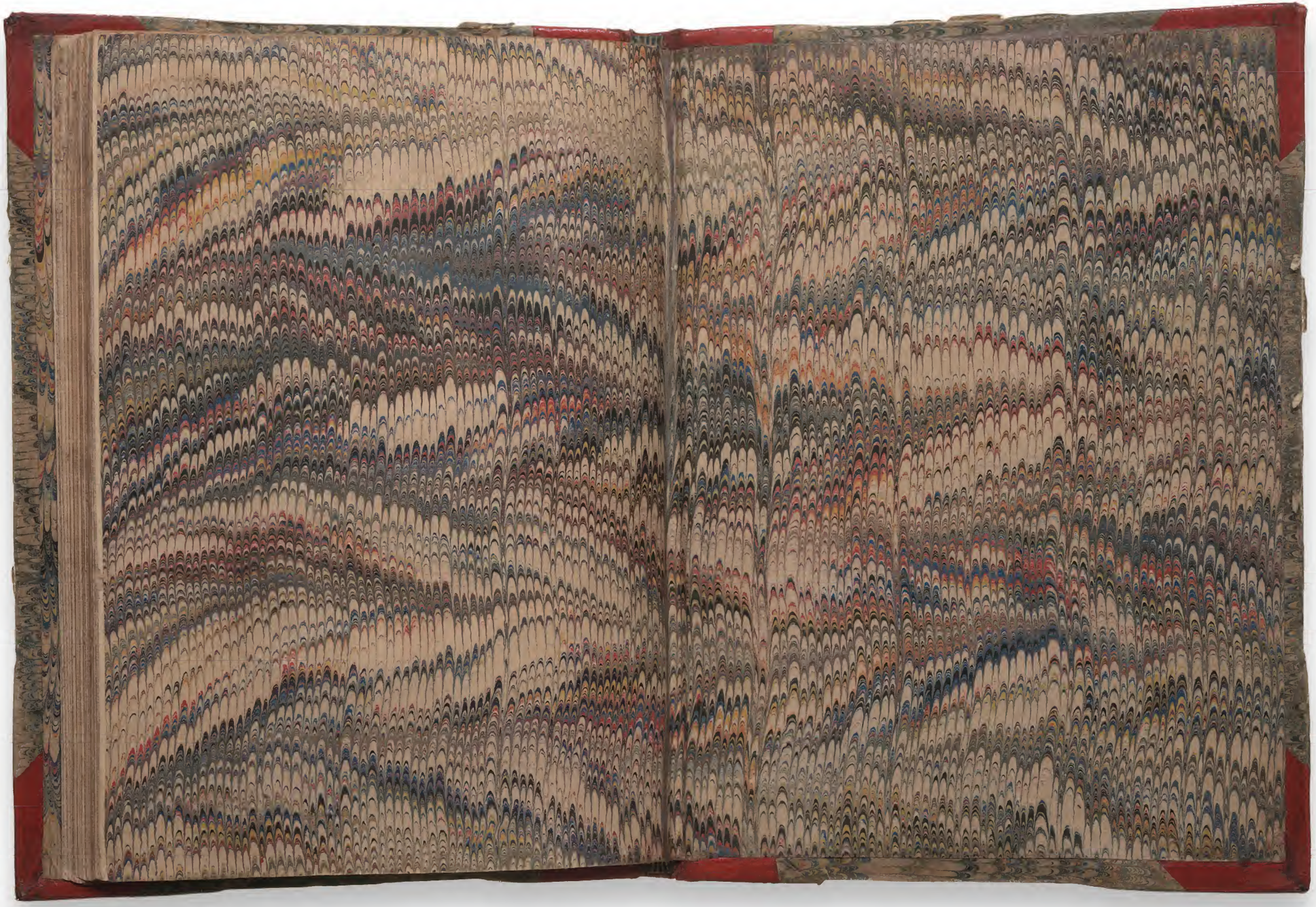
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